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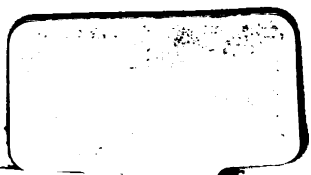

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THE KING AND THE MILLER.

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THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

A DRAMATICK TALE.

By *R. DODSLEY*,
AUTHOR of the TOY-SHOP.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR, at *Tully's Head*, *Pall-Mall*; and Sold by T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. M. DCC. XXXVII.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

The KING,	Mr. *Cibber.*
The MILLER,	Mr. *Miller.*
RICHARD the *Miller's* Son,	Mr. *Berry.*
Lord LUREWELL,	Mr. *Eſte.*
COURTIERS and KEEPERS of the Foreſt.	

WOMEN.

PEGGY,	Mrs. *Pritchard.*
MARGERY,	Mrs. *Bennet.*
KATE,	Mrs. *Croſs.*

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt.*

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THE KING AND THE MILLER.

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt.*

Enter ſeveral COURTIERS *as loſt.*

1 *Courtier.*

'TIS horrid dark! and this Wood I believe has neither End nor Side.

4 *C.* You mean to get out at, for we have found one in you ſee.

2 *C.* I wiſh our good King *Harry* had kept nearer home to hunt; in my

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Mind the prety, tame Deer in *London* make much better Sport than the wild ones in *Sherwood Foreſt*.

3 *C.* I can't tell which Way his Majeſty went, nor whether any-body is with him or not, but let us keep together pray.

4 *C.* Ay, ay, like true Courtiers, take Care of ourſelves whatever becomes of Maſter.

2 *C.* Well, it's a terrible Thing to be loſt in the Dark.

4 *C.* It is. And yet it's ſo common a Caſe, that one would not think it ſhould be at all ſo. Why we are all of us loſt in the Dark every Day of our Lives. Knaves keep us in the Dark by their Cunning, and Fools by their Ignorance. Divines loſe us in dark Myſteries; Lawyers in dark Caſes; and Stateſmen in dark Intrigues: Nay, the Light of Reaſon, which we ſo much boaſt of, what is it but a Dark-Lanthorn, which juſt ſerves to keep us from running our Noſe againſt a Poſt, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark Miſts of Error and Ignorance, in which we are

are loſt, than an *Ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this Wood?

1 *C.* But, my Lord, this is no time for Preaching methinks. And for all your Morals, Day-light would be much preferable to this Darkneſs I believe.

3 *C.* Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on, we ſhall find ſome Houſe or other by and by.

2 *C.* I am afraid of running my Noſe againſt a Tree.

1 *C.* Ah! my Lord, a Noſe may be in more Danger than by hugging a Tree.

4 *C.* Come along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING *alone.*

No, no, this can be no publick Road that's certain: I am loſt, quite loſt indeed. What's this? The Stump of an old Tree. Here muſt my Majeſty ſit down to reſt. Of what Advantage is it now to be a King? Night ſhews me no Reſpect: I cannot ſee better, nor walk ſo well as another Man. What is a King? Is he not wiſer than another Man? Not

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without his Counſellors I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told ſo, indeed, but what now can my Power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When ſeated on his Throne, and ſurrounded with Nobles and Flatterers, perhaps he may think ſo, but when loſt in a Wood, alas! what is he but a common Man? His Wiſdom knows not which is North and which is South; his Power a Beggar's Dog would bark at; and his Greatneſs the Beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puff'd up with theſe falſe Attributes? Well, in loſing the Monarch, I have found the Man.

[*The Report of a Gun is heard.*

Hark! Some Villain ſure is near! What were it beſt to do? Will my Majeſty protect me? No. Throw Majeſty aſide then, and let Manhood do it.

Enter the MILLER.

Mil. I believe I hear the Rogue. Who's there?

King. No Rogue, I aſſure you.

Mil.

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Mil. Little better, Friend, I believe. Who fir'd that Gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Mil. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! How ſtrange it ſeems to me to be talk'd to in this Stile. [*Aſide.*] Upon my Word I don't.

Mil. Come, come, Sirrah, confeſs; you have ſhot one of the King's Deer, have not you?

King. No, indeed, I owe the King more Reſpect. I heard a Gun go off, indeed, and was afraid ſome Robbers might have been near.

Mil. I am not bound to believe this, Friend. Pray who are you? What's your Name?

King. Name!

Mil. Name! yes Name. Why you have a Name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your Buſineſs here?

King. Theſe are Queſtions I have not been us'd to, honeſt Man.

Mil. May be ſo; but they are Queſtions no honeſt Man would be afraid to anſwer, I think: So if you can give no better Account of your ſelf, I ſhall

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ſhall make bold to take you along with me, if you pleaſe.

King. With you! What Authority have you to ——.

Mil. The King's Authority, if I muſt give you an Account, Sir. I am *John Cockle*, the Miller of *Manſfield*, one of his Majeſty's Keepers in this Foreſt of *Sherwood*; and I will let no ſuſpected Fellow paſs this Way that cannot give a better Account of himſelf than you have done, I promiſe you.

King. I muſt ſubmit to my own Authority. [*Aſide.*] Very well, Sir, I am glad to hear the King has ſo good an Officer: And ſince I find you have his Authority, I will give you a better Account of myſelf, if you will do me the Favour to hear it.

Mil. It's more than you deſerve, I believe; but let's hear what you can ſay for yourſelf.

King. I have the Honour to belong to the King as well as you, and, perhaps, ſhould be as unwilling to ſee any Wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this Foreſt, and the Chace leading us to Day a great Way from

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from Home, I am benighted in this Wood, and have loſt my Way.

Mil. This does not ſound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your Horſe?

King. I have tired my Horſe ſo that he lay down under me, and I was oblig'd to leave him.

Mil. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not uſed to lie, honeſt Man.

Mil. What! do you live at Court, and not lie! that's a likely Story indeed.

King. Be that as it will. I ſpeak Truth now I aſſure you; and, to convince you of it, if you will attend me to *Nottingham*, if I am near it; or give me a Night's Lodging in your own Houſe, here is ſomething to pay you for your Trouble, and if that is not ſufficient, I will ſatisfy you in the Morning to your utmoſt Deſire.

Mil. Ay, now I am convinc'd you are a Courtier; here is a little Bribe for to Day, and a large Promiſe for To-morrow, both in a Breath: Here, take it again, and take this along with

with it——*John Cockle* is no Courtier, he can do what he ought——without a Bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary Man I muſt own; and I ſhould be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Mil. Thee! and Thou! Prythee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am a Man as yourſelf at leaſt.

King. Sir, I beg your Pardon.

Mil. Nay, I am not angry, Friend, only I don't love to be too familiar with any-body, before I know whether they deſerve it or not.

King. You are in the Right. But what am I to do?

Mil. You may do what you pleaſe. You are twelve Miles from *Nottingham*, and all the Way through this thick Wood; but if you are reſolv'd upon going thither to Night, I will put you in the Road, and direct you the beſt I can; or if you will accept of ſuch poor Entertainment as a Miller can give, you ſhall be welcome to ſtay all Night, and in the Morning I will go with you myſelf.

King.

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King. And cannot you go with me to Night?

Mil. I would not go with you to Night if you was the King.

King. Then I muſt go with you, I think. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Town of Mansfield.

DICK *alone.*

Well, dear *Mansfield*, I am glad to ſee thy dirty Face again. But my Heart aches, methinks, for fear this ſhould be only a Trick of theirs to get me into their Power. Yet the Letter ſeems to be wrote with an Air of Sincerity, I confeſs; and the Girl was never us'd to lie till ſhe kept a Lord Company. Let me ſee, I'll read it once more.

Dear Richard,

I am at laſt (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd of the Injury done to us both by that baſe Man, who made me think you falſe: He ſaw my Love to you unmov'd

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by all his Promiſes, or even the Offer of making me his Wife; ſo contriv'd theſe Letters, which I ſend you, to make me think you juſt upon the Point of being married to another, a Thought I could not bear with Patience, ſo aiming at Revenge on you, conſented to my own Undoing. As ſoon as I diſcover'd his Villany, I haſten'd to reproach him with it, and then immediately left him. I am now as wretched as yourſelf can wiſh me; but for your own ſake I beg you to return hither, for I have ſome Hopes of being able to do you Juſtice, which is the only Comfort of your moſt diſtreſt, but ever affectionate,

PEGGY.

There can be no Cheat in this ſure! The Letters ſhe has ſent are, I think, a Proof of her Sincerity. Well, I will go to her however: I cannot think ſhe will again betray me: If ſhe has as much Tenderneſs left for me, as, in ſpite of her Ill-uſage, I ſtill feel for her, I'm ſure ſhe won't. Let me ſee, I am not far from the Houſe, I believe.

[*Exit.*

Scene

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Scene changes to a Room.

PEGGY *and* PHOEBE.

Phœ. Pray, Madam, make yourſelf eaſy.

Peg. Ah! *Phœbe*, ſhe that has loſt her Virtue, has with it loſt her Eaſe, and all her Happineſs. Yet ſure my Crime is not of the deepeſt Dye; I was not (as moſt Women are) ſooth'd and delighted with the gaudy Scene that brings their Ruin on; mine was Diſtreſs and deep Reſentment, aiming at Revenge on that dear Man who never meant me Wrong. Believing, cheated Fool! to think him falſe.

Phœ. Be patient, Madam, I hope you will ſhortly be reveng'd on that deceitful Lord.

Peg. I hope I ſhall, for that were juſt Revenge. But will Revenge make me happy? Will it excuſe my Falſhood? Will it reſtore me to the Heart of my much-injur'd Love? Ah! no. That blooming Innocence he us'd to praiſe, and call the greateſt Beauty of

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our Sex, is gone. Theſe Cheeks are pale with Grief, theſe Eyes are dim with Weeping: I have no Charm left that might renew that Flame I took ſuch Pains to quench. My only Hope is to convince him that my Heart was never falſe, and if he can look with Pity on the Raſhneſs of my Crime, I'll bear Reproach from others, as a juſt Puniſhment for my Offence.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

See who's there. O Heavens 'tis he! Alas! that ever I ſhould be aſham'd to ſee the Man I love!

Enter RICHARD, *who ſtands looking on her at a Diſtance, ſhe weeping.*

Dick. Well, *Peggy* (but I ſuppoſe you're Madam now in that fine Dreſs) you ſee you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your Falſhood? or am I to receive the ſlighted Leavings of your fine Lord?

Peg. O *Richard!* after the Injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without Confuſion: But do not think ſo hardly of me; I ſtay'd not to be ſlighted by him, for the Moment I diſ-

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diſcover'd his vile Plot on you, I fled his Sight, nor could he e'er prevail to ſee me ſince.

Dick. Ah, *Peggy!* you were too haſty in believing, and much I fear, the Vengeance aim'd at me, had other Charms to reccommend it to you: Such Bravery as that [*Pointing to her Cloaths*] I had not to beſtow; but if a tender, honeſt Heart could pleaſe, you had it all; and if I wiſh'd for more, 'twas for your ſake. And did I think I e'er ſhould meet you thus? What had I done to merit ſuch a barbarous Treatment?

Peg. Do not reproach me, that my own Conſcience too ſeverely does. My Guilt and Folly I repent too late, and have full dearly paid for.

Dick. What could you expect but Shame and ſad Repentance?

Peg. O *Richard!* you have ſeen his Letters, you have ſeen the Tenderneſs he expreſs'd, the Conſtancy he vow'd, the flattering Proſpects of Happineſs and Grandeur which he plac'd before me, and the abſolute Promiſe of making me his Wife; and when you conſider the wicked Stratagem he

he contriv'd to make me think you baſe and deceitful, I hope you will, at leaſt, pity my Folly, and, in ſome Meaſure, excuſe my Falſhood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forc'd to fly from my Friends and Country, for a Crime that I was not guilty of, is an Injury that I cannot eaſily forgive to be ſure: But if you are leſs guilty of it than I thought, I ſhall be very glad; and if your Deſign be really as you ſay, to clear me, and to expoſe the Baſeneſs of him that betray'd and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my Heart. But how do you propoſe to do this?

Peg. The King is now in this Foreſt a hunting, and our young Lord is every Day with him: Now, I think, if we could take ſome Opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his Majeſty's Feet, and complaining of the Injuſtice of one of his Courtiers, it might, perhaps, have ſome Effect upon him.

Dick. If we were ſuffer'd to make him ſenſible of it, perhaps it might; but the Complaints of ſuch little Folks as we ſeldom reach the Ears of Majeſty.

Peg.

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Peg. We can but try.

Dick. Well, If you will go with me to my Father's, and ſtay there till ſuch an Opportunity happens, I ſhall believe you in earneſt, and will join with you in your Deſign.

Peg. I will do any thing to convince you of my Sincerity, and to make Satisfaction for the Injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peg. I will be with you in leſs than an Hour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Mill.

MARGERY *and* KATE *Knitting.*

Kate. O dear, I would not ſee a Spirit for all the World; but I love dearly to hear Stories of them. Well, and what then?

Mar. And ſo preſently comes ſtalking in a tall, white Thing, all bloody, with great ſtaring Eyes, and a thin, pale Countenance; and, at laſt, in a diſmal, hollow Tone it cry'd——

[*A*

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[*A Knocking at the Door frights them both; they ſcream out, and throw down their Knitting.*

Mar. and *Kate.* Lord bleſs us! What's that?

Kate. O dear, Mother, it's ſome Judgment upon us I'm afraid. They ſay, talk of the Devil and he'll appear.

Mar. *Kate*, go and ſee who's at the Door.

Kate. I durſt not go, Mother; do you go.

Mar. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Nay, but let us croſs ourſelves firſt, and then it can't hurt us. There; now don't ſpeak as if you were afraid.

Mar. No, I won't, if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick without. What, won't you let me in?

Kate. O Gemini! it's like our *Dick*, I think: He's certainly dead, and it's his Spirit.

Mar. Heaven forbid! I think in my Heart it's he himſelf. Open the Door, *Kate.*

Kate. Nay, do you.

Mar. Come, we'll both open it.

[*They open the Door.*

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Enter DICK.

Dick. Dear Mother, how do ye do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Mar. Dear Child, I'm over-joy'd to ſee thee; but I was ſo frighted, I did not know what to do.

Kate. Dear Brother, I am glad to ſee you; how have you done this long while?

Dick. Very well, *Kate.* But where's my Father?

Mar. He heard a Gun go off juſt now, and he's gone to ſee who 'tis.

Dick. What, they love Veniſon at *Mansfield* as well as ever, I ſuppoſe?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it too.

Miller without. Hoa! *Madge! Kate!* bring a Light here.

Mar. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he catch'd the Rogue, I wonder?

Enter the KING *and the* MILLER.

Mar. Who have you got?

Mil. I have brought thee a Stranger,

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Madge; thou muſt give him a Supper, and a Lodging if thou can'ſt.

Mar. You have got a better Stranger of your own, I can tell you: *Dick*'s come.

Mil. Dick! Where is he? Why *Dick!* How is't, my Lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank you, Father.

King. A little more and you had puſh'd me down.

Mil. Faith, Sir, you muſt excuſe me; I was over-joy'd to ſee my Boy. He has been at *London*, and I have not ſeen him theſe four Years.

King. Well, I ſhall once in my Life have the Happineſs of being treated as a common Man; and of ſeeing human Nature without Diſguiſe. [*Aſide.*

Mil. What has brought thee Home ſo unexpected?

Dick. You will know that preſently.

Mil. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the King down in the Foreſt a hunting this Seaſon, and this honeſt Gentleman, who came down with his Majeſty from *London*, has been with 'em to Day it ſeems, and has loſt his Way. Come, *Madge*, ſee what thou can'ſt

can'ſt get for Supper. Kill a Couple of the beſt Fowls; and go you, *Kate*, and draw a Pitcher of Ale. We are famous, Sir, at *Mansfield*, for good Ale, and for honeſt Fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good Ale will be acceptable at preſent, for I am very dry. But pray, how came your Son to leave you, and go to *London?*

Mil. Why that's a Story which *Dick*, perhaps, won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't deſire to hear it.

Enter KATE *with an Earthen Pitcher of Ale, and a Horn.*

Mil. So, now do you go help your Mother. Sir, my hearty Service to you.

King. Thank ye, Sir. This is plain Sincerity, and familiar Freedom is a Happineſs unknown to Kings. [*Aſide.*

Mil. Come, Sir.

King. *Richard*, my Service to you.

Dick. Thank you, Sir.

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Mil. Well, *Dick*, and how do'ſt thou like *London*? Come, tell us what thou haſt ſeen.

Dick. Seen! I have ſeen the Land of Promiſe.

Mil. The Land of Promiſe! What doſt thou mean?

Dick. The Court, Father.

Mil. Thou wilt never leave joking.

Dick. To be ſerious then, I have ſeen the Diſappointment of all my Hopes and Expectations; and that's more than one would wiſh to ſee.

Mil. What, would the great Man thou waſt recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at laſt?

Dick. Why yes; he would promiſe me to the laſt.

Mil. Zoons! do the Courtiers think their Dependants can eat Promiſes!

Dick. No, no, they never trouble their Heads to think, whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his Lordſhip ſeveral Years, tantaliz'd with Hopes and Expectations; this Year promiſed one Place, the next another, and the third, in ſure and certain Hope of —— a Diſappointment. One falls, and it was pro-

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promis'd before; another, and I am juſt Half an Hour too late; a third, and it ſtops the Mouth of a Creditor; a fourth, and it pays the Hire of a Flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a Vote; and the ſixth I am promis'd ſtill. But having thus ſlept away ſome Years, I awoke from my Dream: My Lord, I found, was ſo far from having it in his Power to get a Place for me, that he had been all this while ſeeking after one for himſelf.

Mil. Poor *Dick!* And is plain Honeſty then a Recommendation to no Place at Court?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a Footman, perhaps, but nothing further, nothing further, indeed. If you look higher, you muſt furniſh yourſelf with other Qualifications. You muſt learn to ſay Ay, or No; to run, or ſtand; to fetch, or carry, or leap over a Stick at the Word of Command. You muſt be Maſter of the Arts of Flattery, Inſinuation, Diſſimulation, Application, and [*Pointing to his Palm*] right Application too, if you hope to ſucceed.

King. You don't conſider I am a Courtier, methinks.

Dick.

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Dick. Not I, indeed; 'tis no Concern of mine what you are. If, in general, my Character of the Court is true, 'tis not my Fault if it's diſagreeable to your Worſhip. There are particular Exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, ſo let that paſs. Here's better Succeſs to you the next Time you come to *London.*

Dick. I thank ye, but I don't deſign to ſee it again in haſte.

Mil. No, no, *Dick*; inſtead of depending upon Lords Promiſes, depend upon the Labour of thine own Hands; expect nothing but what thou can'ſt earn, and then thou wilt not be diſappointed. But come, I want a Deſcription of *London*; thou haſt told us nothing thou haſt ſeen yet.

Dick. O! 'tis a fine Place! I have ſeen large Houſes with ſmall Hoſpitality; great Men do little Actions; and fine Ladies do——nothing at all. I have ſeen the honeſt Lawyers at *Weſtminſter-Hall,* and the virtuous Inhabitants of *'Change-Alley.* The politick Mad-men of Coffee-Houſes, and the

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the wiſe Stateſmen of *Bedlam*. I have ſeen merry Tragedies, and ſad Comedies; Devotion at an Opera, and Mirth at a Sermon; I have ſeen fine Cloaths at *St. James's*, and long Bills at *Ludgate-Hill*. I have ſeen poor Grandeur, and rich Poverty; high Honours, and low Flattery, great Pride, and no Merit. In ſhort, I have ſeen a Fool with a Title, a Knave with a Penſion, and and an honeſt Man with a thread-bare Coat. Pray how do you like *London?*

Mil. And is this the beſt Deſcription thou canſt give of it?

Dick. Yes.

King. Why, *Richard*, you are a Satiriſt, I find.

Dick. I love to ſpeak Truth, Sir; if that happens to be Satire, I can't help it.

Mil. Well, if this is *London*, give me my Country Cottage; which, tho' it is not a great Houſe, nor a fine Houſe, is my own Houſe, and I can ſhew a Receipt for the Building on't.

King. I wiſh all the great Builders in the Kingdom could ſay as much.

Mil.

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Mil. Come, Sir, our Supper, I believe, is ready for us, by this time; and to ſuch as I have, you're as welcome as a Prince.

King. I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Wood.

Enter ſeveral KEEPERS.

1 *K.* The Report of the Gun was ſomewhere this Way I'm ſure.

2 *K.* Yes, but I can never believe that any-body would come a Dear-ſtealing ſo dark a Night as this.

3 *K.* Where did the Deer harbour to Day?

4 *K.* There was a Herd lay upon *Hamilton-Hill,* another juſt by *Robin Hood's Chair,* and a third here in *Mansfield Wood.*

1 *K.* Ay, thoſe they have been amongſt.

2 *K.* But we ſhall never be able to find 'em to Night, 'tis ſo dark.

3 *K.* No, no; let's go back again.

1 *K.* Zoons! you're afraid of a broken Head, I ſuppoſe, if we ſhould find em;

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'em; and ſo had rather ſlink back again. Hark! Stand cloſe. I hear 'em coming this Way.

Enter the COURTIERS.

1 *C.* Did not you hear ſome-body juſt now? Faith I begin to be afraid we ſhall meet with ſome Misfortune to Night.

2 *C.* Why, if any-body ſhould take what we have got, we have made a fine Buſineſs of it.

3 *C.* Let 'em take it if they will; I am ſo tir'd I ſhall make but ſmall Reſiſtance.

The Keepers ruſh upon them.

2 *K.* Ay, Rogues, Raſcals, and Villains, you have got it, have you?

2 *C.* Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have you're welcome to, if you will but uſe us civilly.

1 *K.* O, yes! very civilly; you deſerve to be us'd civilly, to be ſure.

4 *C.* Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly us'd?

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1 *K.* Come, come, don't trifle, ſurrender.

1 *C.* I have but three Half-Crowns about me.

2 *C.* Here is Three and Six-pence for you, Gentlemen.

3 *C.* Here's my Watch; I have no Money at all.

4 *C.* Indeed I have nothing in my Pocket but a Snuff-box.

4 *K.* What, the Dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, Raſcals; you ſhall go before the Juſtice To-morrow, depend on't.

4 *C.* Before the Juſtice! What, for being robb'd?

1 *K.* For being robb'd! What do you mean? Who has robb'd you?

4 *C.* Why, did not you juſt now demand our Money, Gentlemen?

2 *K.* O, the Raſcals! They will ſwear a Robbery againſt us, I warrant.

4 *C.* A Robbery! Ay, to be ſure.

1 *K.* No, no; We did not demand your Money, we demanded the Deer you have kill'd.

4 *C.*

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4 *C.* The Devil take the Deer, I ſay; he led us a Chace of ſix Hours, and got away from us at laſt.

1 *K.* Zoons! ye Dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye you have this Night ſhot one of the King's Deer; did not we hear the Gun go off? Did not we hear you ſay, you was afraid it ſhould be taken from you?

2 *C.* We were afraid our Money ſhould be taken from us.

1 *K.* Come, come, no more ſhuffling: I tell ye, you're all Rogues, and we'll have you hanged, you may depend on't. Come, let's take 'em to old *Cockle*'s, we're not far off, we'll keep 'em there all Night, and To-morrow-morning we'll away with 'em before the Juſtice.

4 *C.* A very pretty Adventure.

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene changes to the Mill.

KING, MILLER, MARGERY, *and* DICK, *at Supper.*

Mil. Come, Sir, you muſt mend a bad Supper with a Glaſs of good Ale: Here's King *Harry*'s Health.

King. With all my Heart. Come, *Richard*, here's King *Harry*'s Health; I hope you are Courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

Dick. Yes, yes, Sir, I'll drink the King's Health with all my Heart.

Mar. Come, Sir, my humble Service to you, and much good may do ye with your poor Supper; I wiſh it had been better.

King. You need make no Apologies.

Marg. We are oblig'd to your Goodneſs in excuſing our Rudeneſs.

Mil. Prithee, *Margery*, don't trouble the Gentleman with Compliments.

Mar. Lord, Husband, if one had no more Manners than you, the Gentleman would take us all for Hogs.

Dick.

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Dick. Now I think the more Compliments the leſs Manners.

King. I think ſo too. Compliments in Diſcourſe, I believe, are like Ceremonies in Religion; the one has deſtroy'd all true Piety, and the other all Sincerity and Plain-dealing.

Mil. Then a Fig for all Ceremony and Compliments too: Give us thy Hand; and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honeſt Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good Song?

Mil. Ah! my ſinging Days are over, but my Man *Joe* has got an excellent one; and if you have a Mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my Heart.

Mil. Joe!

Enter JOE.

Mil. Come, *Joe*, drink Boy; I have promis'd this Gentleman that you ſhall ſing him your laſt new Song.

Joe. Well, Maſter, if you have promis'd it him, he ſhall have it.

SONG

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SONG.

I.

How happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs?
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his Mill and himſelf he depends for Support,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at Court.

II.

What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Beau;
A Clown in this Dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in his Garter and Star.

III.

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III.

Tho' his Hands are so dawb'd they're not fit to be seen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the Fingers like Meal.

IV.

What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks;
In this of right noble Examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

V.

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V.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an
Eſtate,
In this he wou'd mimick the Tools of
the State;
Whoſe Aim is alone their Coffers to
fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Griſt
to his Mill.

VI.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when
he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented
does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to
ſing:
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be
a King.

Mil. There's a Song for you.

King. He ſhould go ſing this at Court, I think.

Dick.

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Dick. I believe, if he's wiſe, he'll chuſe to ſtay at home tho'.

Enter PEGGY.

Mil. What Wind blew you hither pray! You have a good Share of Impudence, or you would be aſham'd to ſet your Foot within my Houſe, methinks.

Peg. Aſham'd I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. [*Weeps.*

Dick. Dear Father, ſuſpend your Anger for the preſent; that ſhe is here now is by my Direction, and to do me Juſtice.

Peg. To do that is all that is now in my Power; for as to myſelf, I am ruin'd paſt Redemption: My Character, my Virtue, my Peace, are gone: I am abandon'd by my Friends, deſpis'd by the World, and expos'd to Miſery and Want.

King. Pray let me know the Story of your Misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my Power to do ſomething towards redreſſing them.

Peg. That you may learn from him that I have wrong'd; but as for me,

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Shame will not let me ſpeak, or hear it told. {*Exit.*

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. O Sir, I once thought her an Angel; I lov'd her dearer than my Life, and did believe her Paſſion was the ſame for me: But a young Nobleman of this Neighbourhood happening to ſee her, her Youth and blooming Beauty preſently ſtruck his Fancy; a thouſand Artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his Arts were vain; not even the Promiſe of making her his Wife, could prevail upon her: In a little Time he found out her Love to me, and imagining this to be the Cauſe of her Refuſal, he, by forg'd Letters, and feign'd Stories, contriv'd to make her believe I was upon the Point of Marriage with another Woman. Poſſeſs'd with this Opinion, ſhe, in a Rage, writes me Word, never to ſee her more; and, in Revenge, conſented to her own Undoing. Not contented with this, nor eaſy while I was ſo near her, he brib'd one of his caſt-off Miſtreſſes to ſwear a Child to me, which ſhe did: This was the Occaſion

caſion of my leaving my Friends, and flying to *London*.

King. And how does ſhe propoſe to do you Juſtice?

Dick. Why, the King being now in this Foreſt a hunting, we deſign to take ſome Opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his Majeſty's Feet, and complaining of the Injuſtice done us by this Noble Villain.

Mil. Ah, *Dick!* I expect but little Redreſs from ſuch an Application. Things of this Nature are ſo common amongſt the Great, that I am afraid it will only be made a Jeſt of.

King. Thoſe that can make a Jeſt of what ought to be ſhocking to Humanity, ſurely deſerve not the Name of Great or Noble Men.

Dick. What do you think of it, Sir? If you belong to the Court, you, perhaps, may know ſomething of the King's Temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his Temper at all, I think he would not ſuffer the greateſt Nobleman in his Court, to do an Injuſtice to the meaneſt Subject in his Kingdom. But pray,

who is the Nobleman that is capable of ſuch Actions as theſe?

Dick. Do you know my Lord *Lurewell?*

King. Yes.

Dick. That's the Man.

King. Well, I would have you put your Deſign in Execution. 'Tis my Opinion the King will not only hear your Complaint, but redreſs your Injuries.

Mil. I wiſh it may prove ſo.

Enter the KEEPERS *leading in the* COURTIERS.

1 *K.* Hola! *Cockle!* Where are ye? Why, Man, we have nabb'd a Pack of Rogues here juſt in the Fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! What, turn'd Highwaymen, my Lords? or Deerſtealers?

1 *C.* I am very glad to find your Majeſty in Health and Safety.

2 *C.* We have run thro' a great many Perils and Dangers to Night, but the Joy of finding your Majeſty ſo unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have ſuffer'd.

Mil.

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Mil. } What! is this the King?
and
Dick. }

King. I am very glad to ſee you, my Lords, I confeſs; and particularly you, my Lord *Lurewell.*

Lure. Your Majeſty does me Honour.

King. Yes, my Lord, and I will do you Juſtice too; your Honour has been highly wrong'd by this young Man.

Lure. Wrong'd, my Liege!

King. I hope ſo, my Lord; for I wou'd fain believe you can't be guilty of Baſeneſs and Treachery.

Lure. I hope your Majeſty will never find me ſo. What dares this Villain ſay?

Dick. I am not to be frighted, my Lord. I dare ſpeak Truth at any Time.

Lure. Whatever ſtains my Honour muſt be falſe.

King. I know it muſt, my Lord; yet has this Man, not knowing who I was, preſum'd to charge your Lordſhip, not only with great Injuſtice to himſelf, but alſo with ruining an innocent

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nocent Virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his Wife; which, if true, were baſe and treacherous; but I know 'tis falſe, and therefore leave it to your Lordſhip to ſay what Puniſhment I ſhall inflict upon him, for the Injury done to your Honour.

Lure. I thank your Majeſty. I will not be ſevere; he ſhall only ask my Pardon, and To-morrow Morning be oblig'd to marry the Creature he has traduc'd me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your Sentence.

Dick. May I not have leave to ſpeak before your Majeſty?

King. What can'ſt thou ſay?

Dick. If I had your Majeſty's Permiſſion, I believe I have certain Witneſſes, which will undeniably prove the Truth of all I have accus'd his Lordſhip of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. *Peggy!*

Enter PEGGY.

King. Do you know this Woman, my Lord?

Lure.

Lure. I know her, pleaſe your Majeſty, by Sight, ſhe is a Tenant's Daughter.

Peg. [*Aſide.*] Majeſty! What, is this the King?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular Acquaintance with her?

Lure. Hum——I have not ſeen her theſe ſeveral Months.

Dick. True, my Lord; and that is Part of your Accuſation; for, I believe, I have ſome Letters which will prove your Lordſhip once had a more particular Acquaintance with her. Here is one of the firſt his Lordſhip wrote to her, full of the tendereſt and moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of Love and Conſtancy; here is another which will inform your Majeſty of the Pains he took to ruin her; there is an abſolute Promiſe of Marriage before he could accompliſh it.

King. What ſay you, my Lord, are theſe your Hand?

Lure. I believe, pleaſe your Majeſty, I might have a little Affair of Gallantry with the Girl ſome Time ago.

King.

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King. It was a *little* Affair, my Lord; a *mean* Affair; and what you call Gallantry, I call Infamy. Do you think, my Lord, that Greatneſs gives a Sanction to Wickedneſs? Or that it is the Prerogative of Lords to be unjuſt and inhumane? You remember the Sentence which yourſelf pronounc'd upon this innocent Man; you cannot think it hard that it ſhould paſs on you who are guilty.

Lure. I hope your Majeſty will conſider my Rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King. Your Rank! my Lord. Greatneſs that ſtoops to Actions baſe and low, deſerts its Rank, and pulls its Honours down. What makes your Lordſhip Great? Is it your gilded Equipage and Dreſs? Then put it on your meaneſt Slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your Riches or Eſtate? The Villain that ſhould plunder you of all, would then be great as you. No, my Lord, he that Acts greatly, is the true Great Man. I therefore think you ought, in Juſtice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

Peg.

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Peg. Let my Tears thank your Majeſty. But, alas! I am afraid to marry this young Lord; that would only give him Power to uſe me worſe, and ſtill encreaſe my Miſery: I therefore beg your Majeſty will not command him to do it.

King. Riſe then, and hear me. My Lord, you ſee how low the greateſt Nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous Actions. Here is, under your own Hand, an abſolute Promiſe of Marriage to this young Woman, which, from a thorough Knowledge of your Unworthineſs, ſhe has prudently declin'd to make you fulfil. I ſhall therefore not inſiſt upon it; but I command you, upon Pain of my Diſpleaſure, immediately to ſettle on her Three hundred Pounds a Year.

Peg. May Heaven reward your Majeſty's Goodneſs. 'Tis too much for me, but if your Majeſty thinks fit, let it be ſettled upon this much-injured Man, to make ſome Satisfaction for the Wrongs which have been done him. As to myſelf, I only ſought to clear the Innocence of him I lov'd and

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wrong'd, then hide me from the World, and die forgiven.

Dick. This Act of generous Virtue cancels all paſt Failings; come to my Arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peg. You cannot ſure forgive me!

Dick. I can, I do, and ſtill will make you mine.

Peg. O! why did I ever wrong ſuch generous Love!

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the Goodneſs which has made us bleſt.

King. May you be happy.

Mil. [*Kneels*] After I have ſeen ſo much of your Majeſty's Goodneſs, I cannot deſpair of Pardon, even for the rough Uſage your Majeſty receiv'd from me.

[*The King draws his Sword, the Miller is frighted, and riſes up, thinking he was going to kill him.*

What have I done that I ſhould loſe my Life?

King. Kneel without Fear. No, my good Hoſt, ſo far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your Debtor. I cannot think but ſo good and honeſt a Man will make

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make a worthy and honourable Knight, ſo riſe up, Sir *John Cockle:* And, to ſupport your State, and in ſome ſort requite the Pleaſure you have done us, a Thouſand Marks a Year ſhall be your Revenue.

Mil. Your Majeſty's Bounty I receive with Thankfulneſs; I have been guilty of no Meanneſs to obtain it, and hope I ſhall not be obliged to keep it upon baſe Conditions; for tho' I am willing to be a faithful Subject, I am reſolv'd to be a free and an honeſt Man.

King. I rely upon your being ſo: And to gain the Friendſhip of ſuch a one, I ſhall always think an Addition to my Happineſs, tho' a King.

Worth, in whatever State, is ſure a Prize
Which Kings, of all Men, ought not to deſpiſe;
By ſelfiſh Sycophants ſo cloſe beſieg'd,
'Tis by meer Chance a worthy Man's oblig'd:
But hence, to every Courtier be it known,
Virtue ſhall find Protection from the Throne.

F I N I S.

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